want ? How shall I show you my heart ? Where is its wealth ? Where are its territories ? It is empty. Had I no kingdom, but only you

Ila

Then first take my life,—as you take that of the wild deer of the forest, piercing her heart with your arrows,----------

King

But why, child,—why such contempt for me ? Am I so utterly unworthy of you ? I have won kingdoms with the might of my arms. Can I not hope to beg your heart for me?

Ila

But my heart is not mine. I have given it to one who left me months ago, promising to come back and meet me in the shade of our ancient forest. Days pass, and I wait, and the silence